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"I was just simply all run down," said Mr. Venter, whose residence is at 2758 Lincoln avenue, this city. "When I started taking Plant Juice I could not eat, sleep or work. I was simply run down, but I want to tell you I am all right now. It has built me up and I am in fine shape. I have the best appetite I have had for a long time, sleep like a child and in fact I am improved in every way."

Mr. Venter, who has lived here the greater portion of 14 years and who is widely known in our city, is just another of the thousands of Utah people who have been helped by the use of Plant Juice, the great, new tonic. Plant Juice is the greatest herbal tonic of the age. It tones up the entire system, giving one new vigor and health in a remarkably short time. It is second to none for the treatment of nervousness, headache, dizziness, sluggish liver, dizziness, in fact, all cases caused from a run-down system. Plant Juice is for sale at McIntyre Drug store, 2421 Washington avenue.

LAW CAUSES EXCITEMENT

Washington, May 19.—Tension over the Japanese situation continues to excite attention in official and diplomatic quarters, but there were no specific developments yesterday at the White House, the state department nor the Japanese embassy. Nine of the thirty days Governor Johnson has under the California constitution to sign the alien-land bill have elapsed, and the impression beginning to gain ground here that the governor will avail himself of the full measure of time even though he has declared his purpose to approve the Webb bill.

Secretary Bryan has not communicated with the governor since the receipt of his telegraphic message setting out his reasons for upholding the action of the legislature, but is simply waiting for the final act of signature before making reply to the Japanese note protesting against the legislation.

Must Await Action.

Whether the Japanese embassy will continue to await the expiration of the full thirty days of grace before making fresh representations on this subject to the state department depends entirely upon the judgment of the foreign office in Tokyo. It has been suggested that although there may be some preliminary exchanges before the event, the Japanese government can find no technical reason for demanding relief before the commission of some action under the terms of the Webb law to the detriment of a Japanese subject. In that case a further considerable delay is probable as the act will not go into action for a period of ninety days after it receives the approval of the governor.

It is generally accepted that one of the primary points of protest by Japan is that the California law is in contravention of the treaty of 1911, but exactly wherein has not thus far been disclosed. Governor Johnson's last communication to the federal authorities analyzed the treaty and the law to the effect of showing that the latest enactment is in no way a contravention of the treaty.

Treaty Rights.

The first and most fundamental issue therefore appears to be over this question of whether the law is or is not contrary to the treaty. While the Japanese viewpoint has not been made known from any official source, yet it is believed here that they consider the first clause of the new law as the one contravening the spirit, if not the letter of the treaty. This first clause allows aliens "eligible to citizenship" to hold lands. As the Japanese are not under the present naturalization laws to citizenship, it specifically debars them from land ownership. Aside from the issue on the technical construction of the treaty, it is believed here that the Japanese are chiefly concerned in the general terms of the land bill as terming them an inferior race.

Some of the diplomatic observers

AT LOVE'S CALL LEAVES LONELY HOME AND HUSBAND; NOW SOCIAL OUTCAST AND PRISON INMATE SHE PAYS THE PENALTY



Denver, Colo., May 19.—(Special)—

When love came galloping up to her out of the sunset of a glorious twilight on the rolling plains of a Wyoming ranch, Mrs. Florence Lulu Myers, pretty wife of a cattle king, laid down the monotonous drudgery of household duties on the frontier and opened her eyes to a new life that had been pointed out to her by a cowboy, her husband's old friend.

And as the sun sank deeper behind the unbroken rim where the sky meets the sea of prairie, the discontented wife of the cattleman and the cowboy of tender age rode away.

Behind were left an enraged husband and a prattling babe. Mrs. Myers is 26 years of age. The young cowboy with whom she "rode the range" is ten years her junior. He is Guy Kootz, son of a wealthy cattleman who lives near Frederick, Wyo.

A Monotonous Life.

Because of her love for the young cowboy, Mrs. Myers stole a horse from a nearby ranch and for the defense she is now beginning to serve a sentence of two years in the state penitentiary at Canon City, Colo., the state institution in Wyoming recently having burned.

This plainswoman had lived on a ranch in Wyoming all her life. Her life was limited to the horizon that bounded her father's ranch, as flat and unbroken as the sea. In early womanhood she married a cattleman named Myers. She had known few men and she seemed the best of the lot, and she knew of nothing else to do.

The bride went to live on her husband's ranch, near the little town of Frederick. Unlike the frontier life as depicted in the picture shows, her life was composed of uneventful rounds of milking and cooking and watching the goings-out and coming-in of her lord and master and his cowboy friends.

Years passed and Ranchman Myers prospered, but his thoughts were of his lands and his cattle, and the little girl who had become a bride was often left alone, day after day, and week after week, in the lonely little log cabin that sat out on the bleak plains while the hot sun beat down and burned and blistered everything alive. Not a sprig of green nor the cooling shade of a friendly willow broke the glare of the sun. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to break the sea of no-

express surprise that large advantage has not been taken of those information which frequently have been given in supplementing formal exchanges. Thus far the meetings have been rather brief and confined strictly to business in hand. This has afforded little or no opportunity for informal exchanges of courtesies and expressions of sympathy, which often left alone, day after day, and week after week, in the lonely little log cabin that sat out on the bleak plains while the hot sun beat down and burned and blistered everything alive. Not a sprig of green nor the cooling shade of a friendly willow broke the glare of the sun. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to break the sea of no-

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DANCE HALL AND RESORTS

New York, May 18.—Fifteen thousand women of the underworld—a scarlet army, no census has heretofore enumerated—ply their trade in one borough of greater New York alone. This is the estimate of the bureau of social hygiene, an organization of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, as made public tonight in an abstract of a forthcoming report by George J. Kneeland, a special investigator, after a painstaking inquiry into commercialized vice conditions in Manhattan, extending over a period of nearly ten months.

The report suggests no remedies, fixes no responsibility. That phase is to be dealt with later on. It purports merely to "describe accurately vice conditions in New York City with the sole purpose of bringing out the facts." The hope is expressed that subsequently a "wholly adequate policy to check the evil may be worked out."

Mr. Rockefeller himself contributed the foreword to the volume. Future reports will deal with conditions in other large cities in America and with methods and their results of combating the problem in Europe. Existing preventive, reformatory and corrective agencies in New York are described as "wholly inadequate to their task."

Aside from a series of chapters dealing in minute frankness with the operation of "notorious" resorts throughout the city, the report treats of the dance hall evil and of the alarming spread of the so-called massage parlors. "Over three hundred of



Mrs. Florence Lulu Myers

notion except an occasional sand dune and the stir of the low shaggy sagebrush. The only sound that reached her ears was the howl of the night owl or the carping range of the coyotes.

But the tireless round of the woman's duties did not change. There was never a break in the awful monotony and cooking of the silent sun on the great sweep of prairie. In this dull atmosphere the woman passed through her youth and early womanhood without a murmur.

At Last Love Comes.

But one day there came a change. Out on the unseen land beyond the dusty horizon rode the band of cowboys, returning from a roundup. With them came a stranger. The newcomer was a mere boy, just 16 years of age, but he was tall, handsome and manly, and seemed everything that the acquaintances of the old monotonous life were not. He was the best rider in the country and his voice was soft and musical.

The woman of the ranch was still content despite the deep tan that the burning winds of the plains had ground into her face. And, moreover, she was the only woman in the locality for miles around. After a few days the husband began to chide his wife for her apparent fondness of the new cowboy, Guy Kootz. But the rebuke seemed only to draw the 16-year-old youth and the woman together. In time the chiding of the husband grew into harsh charges and abuse. Kootz left the place, but rode back on visits whenever possible.

What happened after that the quiet little woman told with sobs in her voice as she was held over by the sheriff in Denver on her way to the Colorado penitentiary.

The Woman's Story.

"I couldn't stand it there at the ranch any longer," she said. "Maybe it was my fault; maybe it was just fate. I don't know. I only know I had never lived before. I couldn't

these exist in the city," says the report. "and in many of the most of the slightest effort was made to cloak the immoral nature of the business. Operators for these establishments are often procured by advertising in the newspapers." Of the dance halls the report says:

The public dance hall was found to justify the worst that has been said of it. Of 75 dances reported on only five were characterized by the investigators as "decent." Nor are these dances attended only by hardened prostitutes. Young girls—some innocent—others not entirely innocent—at any rate not wholly depraved, and young men not yet altogether vicious, attend the gatherings in search of amusement and change. Many are innocent working girls, who seek legitimate recreation. The sinister element in attendance is the high class, who attend with the cold-blooded purpose of finding new subjects of debauchery and of subsequent exploitation for gain. These agents of commercialized vice are usually well-dressed, well-mannered and introduce themselves politely and easily to strangers. They often pretend to love at first sight and exhibit marked devotion, by which the girls are deceived and to which they too often yield. When the seduction of the girls is accomplished, they are put on the street, and their ruin is complete.

Victims of Vice Agents.

Mr. Kneeland argues, contrary to the expressed views of so many investigating bodies, that girls do not as a general thing take up a life of shame because of the pinch of poverty. He holds that oftener they are victims in their ignorance of the agents of commercialized vice.

"It is idle," he says, "to explain away the phenomena on the ground that they are the results of the inevitable weakness of human nature; human weakness would demand far fewer and less horrible sacrifices. Most of the wreckage, and the worst of it, is due to persistent, cunning and unprincipled exploitation, to the banding together in infamous enterprises of madame, procurer, brothel-keeper and liquor vender to carry on deliberately a cold-blooded traffic for their joint profit, a traffic, be it added, from which the girl involved procures at the most, with few exceptions, her bare subsistence, and that only so long as she has a trade value."

The "exploiters" and the ramifications of their traffic is treated at length. By means of money and shrewdness, says the report, the traffickers usually evade the law. Thirty houses in the Tenderloin were long operated as a combine. It is cited under the direct control of fifteen or more men. Most of them have been engaged all their lives in the seduction and exploitation of women. New York is their Mecca. The report, however, follows their tracks through Alaska, Brazil, Cuba, Canada, Argentina, and the large cities of our own country—San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Butte, Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Pitts-

burg, Philadelphia. Finally they realize their hope in New York City. Here they have made a center, and from this center they go back over the old trail from time to time.

One of them, the report continues, is known as the "King." He is interested in eleven houses. He is supposed to have great influence with the authorities, and it largely depends on his judgment whether houses are openly and flagrantly, or quietly and cautiously conducted. When external conditions are unfavorable, these men ship their women to points where conditions are more propitious. Variations in public opinion and the attitude of the municipal authorities are quickly reflected in the market. Just before the Rosenthal murder prices were prohibitively high; since that date they have steadily declined.

Owners of reality, ostensibly respectable, come in for severe condemnation at the hands of the investigators. A woman investigator, the report sets forth, visited 122 real estate agents, of whom only 17 declined to let premises for immoral purposes. A group of thirty-eight "well-known" men, it is said, own and operate twenty-eight houses in Manhattan. The value of shares moves up and down with the market, "according as conditions are more or less favorable to the conduct of the business."

Many Diseased Girls.

The total cost to society, the report emphasizes, is staggeringly enormous, taking no account of that greatest of all costs—disease. In this regard the report instances an examination of 142 wayward girls in the Bedford reformatory—all of them under 18 years of age. Ordinary clinical examination had shown less than 21 per cent of them infected. More thorough tests brought out the startling fact that fully 90 per cent were diseased.

Unlike the fallen woman herself, who is described as coming preponderantly from the ranks of those engaged in unskilled occupations, her customers "represent every grade of society."

"It is impossible," says the report, "to estimate the number of men and boys who become customers in vice resorts in Manhattan during the course of one year on the basis of data actually on file. It may be assumed that inmates of vice resorts and women on the street trade with between ten and fifteen men per day. This statement is corroborated by data secured by the vice commission in Chicago where the average was found to be fifteen per day for eighteen inmates in one house, covering a period of twenty-two months, as well as by data obtained in Syracuse, N. Y., where the average number of customers entertained by one inmate during a period of six months was twelve. Taking the lower figure as the basis of calculation, if the 15,000 professional prostitutes of Manhattan entertain ten guests apiece, the customers total at least 150,000 persons every day."

With reference to white slavery per se Mr. Kneeland deprecates the prevalent idea of physical detention, lockers, barred windows, and elaborate

help myself when life came galloping up to me out of the sunset of that night. Something had come that was never there before.

"Something stronger than myself seemed to draw me to a new life. My husband's accusations were horrible and I couldn't stay on the ranch any longer. I had no place to go and no one to turn to except my young friend.

"One day I made my choice. Going off with him to another ranch, I stole a horse. With Guy beside me, I started for Casper, where we intended to hide ourselves and seek work. We didn't care how we lived. Anything was welcome to me rather than that old hum-drum existence at the ranch, with a man I had realized I didn't care for. A posse came after us and we were caught. I confessed that I stole the horse, and that Guy had nothing to do with it. His people heard about our trouble and they came and took him home with them.

"All alone I went on trial. They convicted me of horse stealing easy enough, and here I am. It's only for a year or two that they will let me go. Guy has been taken back to his people. I am branded as a criminal in the country where I lived my entire life. I am just afraid to look ahead, that's all."

In the life of Florence Lulu Myers is portrayed the real home life of the western ranchwoman who lives year in and year out beneath the burning sun or huddles up in her lonely cabin in the winter days when the terrible blizzard is sweeping across the plains freezing and killing everything in its path. It is already suggested that an effort be made to secure a pardon for this woman who only stole a horse, and who entered into the new life beyond the bleak horizon which had been told to her by the youthful cowboy, who had spent some of his school days in the glare of the city lights.

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orates on the more sinister methods of enslavement—intimidation and sentimental loyalty of the unfortunates to their man masters. "Uneducated, with little or no comprehension of legal rights or of the powers which could be invoked to aid her," he says, "often an immigrant or at least a stranger, she is soon coaxed by the brute to whom she has mistaken, attached herself. Should she make an effort to break away, she is pursued and hemmed in."

The report embodies what is probably the most complete census of vice resorts ever taken. There are 1,505 of all grades enumerated with their respective locations by precincts. The figures vary widely from those of the police; but for this discrepancy no criticism is made of the department or of the city authorities.

Explaining the various kinds of resorts the report lays stress on the menace of the tenement houses. Investigation showed that twenty-seven such places were in tenements where, all told, nearly 500 children under sixteen years of age were playing about the halls. Strangely enough a delicatessen store is described as perhaps the most notorious meeting place for traffickers in women.

According to the report practically all of the resorts founded on woman's shame are conducted by women who have "risen" from the ranks. Far from being sympathetic with their wards, the chief aim of these housekeepers is to make as much money as possible for their masters—invariably men. Thus, though the inmate of a house theoretically receives half the money she earns, she is taxed cruelly for board, clothes, toilet articles and, probably, drugs, so that as a rule she is continuously in debt.

RIDICULE WAR TALK

Tokio, May 19.—Faith in the American people to see that justice is done the Japanese is the dominating note in the discussion of the California alien land ownership legislation. War talk is denounced as ridiculous and only calculated to embarrass the two governments which are laboring for a peaceful settlement by diplomacy. It is conceded, however, that failure on the part of the Americans to respond to the Japanese appeal for a discontinuance of an alleged discrimination would be liable to lead to some arrangement of the people. The Japanese public generally is convinced that the land bill is a racial and not an economic measure.

Hence it is a blow to national pride and the people feel that the world must be taught the necessity of equal treatment for whites and non-whites. The Tokyo newspapers are loud in their praise of President Wilson's zeal in his endeavors to preserve the traditional friendship, and they recognize the difficulties which confront the president of the United States in the confusing conflict between state and federal rights.

The Nichi Nichi is of the opinion that the question as to whether the Washington government can procure for Japan equal rights depends on the strength of Japanese diplomacy, and urges the government to take a firm attitude.

A joint celebration of the Japanese and American peace societies yesterday was attended by one thousand Japanese. Speeches were made by Count Okuma, former minister of foreign affairs; Baron Yoshio Sakurai, mayor of Tokyo, and Tsuneoka Miyakawa, who was consul-general of the Japanese embassy at Washington in 1906. All the speakers endeavored to clarify the situation and decried jingoism.

Calls it Folly.

Count Okuma was loudly applauded when he compared the attitude of the California legislators with the anti-foreign movement in Japan half a century ago, which he looked upon as an abused race prejudice.

"We despised the foreigners," he said, "because they looked different, we did not consider them human beings. Japan finally saw the futility of its position and became an admirer

of everything western. The same causes underlie the California question, but, like the Japanese, the Californians will see the folly of their position and truth and justice will triumph."

ANTON PEDERSEN CALLED BY DEATH

Salt Lake, May 19.—Anton Pedersen is dead. Within fifteen minutes after he had said to his daughter, Sigrid, "I feel better today and I am going to get well," Mr. Pedersen passed away at 5:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon, after a six weeks' battle with heart disease. The end came as he was seated in his chair in the library of his home, 569 Third avenue.

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